

Money not safe in a defunct National Bank—is absolutely safe in a defunct State Bank. For proof and details read the State Bank law, or call on

The Cowboy State Bank

THE LONE COYOTE

OFFICIAL HOWLER FOR FISHER AND 247 ADJOINING COUNTIES.

The Cowboy State Bank

DIRECTORS:
J. D. Davis, Prst. J. J. Settle
J. Westerfeld, 1st V-P. F. H. Parker
Arion B. Davis, 2d V-P. S. Patton
L. C. Miller, M. A. Hopson
W. B. Ferrel, Sec'y.

VOLUME ONE

DOUBLE MOUNTAIN CANYON, TEXAS, APRIL 1st, 1908.

NUMBER TWO.

THAT BIG BAILEY BLOWOUT

Only Sixteen of the Unterrified in the Bunch, but They Did Greatly Resolute in the Name of Organized Democracy. Some of the Melancholy Features Made Public for the First Time.

It was certainly a grand, glorious, awe-inspiring spectacle—that Bailey meeting was last Tuesday. Sixteen of the unterrified assembled themselves together, resolved to save this grand and glorious land of ours, resolved to do or bust a belly band, resolved to make tyrants tremble and laud the hero of coal oil.

Just before the meeting convened there was great hustling and bustling and terrific preparation for the grand event. Me, he purloined broom and swept out the entire front of the Advance office where the great event was pulled off, and for this reason it is to be hoped that the Bailey club will meet there every week or two, for a well regulated printing office should be swept out that often at least.

A sentinel was stationed at the door and warned all visitors to not smoke, as the loose oil might get ignited and burn the town.

The Kirby Lumber Company was represented by a 1x12 plank, but for the loud and raucous aroma of coal oil, however, one would not have suspected the real purpose of the meeting.

It has been generally given out to the press and public that this was a large and enthusiastic meeting. It might have been such. If so the enthusiasm was concealed beneath sixteen long, sad faces and melancholy countenances. It looked to me more like an Irish wake in a strictly prohibition town, or a funeral procession headed for the potter's field.

After the election of officers a committee on resolutions was appointed. This committee retired and after about five minutes returned with a string of literary products that couldn't have been written in half an hour by an expert stenographer, and these resolutions were written in a strong, humorous strain.

The resolutions designated the Waco convention as a lot of disgruntled office seekers, conspiring to create a revolution in the big middle of organized Democracy. This was a splendid joke, but the unterrified sixteen were too sad and disconsolate to take a tumble thereto, and being a mere spectator and unarmed, the writer didn't deem it proper, polite or prudent to butt in and call attention to it. But I don't think I ever saw a united Democracy so badly busted up.

Then the unterrified sixteen jumped on Davidson, in the name of the aforesaid "united Democracy," declaring that he is violating the tenth

commandment of the time honored principles of "united Democracy," and fighting that noble essence of coal oil, Joe Bailey.

Then the unterrified sixteen poured out the love, tenderness and devotion of their hearts to that grand and glorious fossil, that "peerless statesman" and chronic office seeker that has never yet been elected anything, Windy Dick Wynne, and craved his election as attorney general of this and the adjoining states and territories.

Then the unterrified sixteen concurred with the Democrats of the United States and all foreign countries in their "unswerving faith in the honor, ability and integrity of that "peerless statesman," Coal Oil Joe.

This "purely original" encomium brought sad recollections to me and if it had not been for starting a panic of weeping in that already sorrow overloaded congregation I should have shed tears. One time several years ago we nominated a jackass for the legislature out in New Mexico, and paid him a glowing tribute in those identical words, and scattered it broadcast in all the newspapers of the district. The people read and marveled much thereat, and by a half a dozen to one they said such a pure and holy man ought not be contaminated, should not be subjected to the vicious influences that surrounded legislators, tempted and probably defiled, and sure enough he wasn't. I had about lived over and forgotten that saddest of all sad things until Tuesday when those old familiar words were hurled into my ears to harrow up the awful incident. The resolutions concluded with a brief reference to W. J. Bryan, the to-be Democratic nominee. It was in that same complimentary and stereotyped vein that has been in vogue and given large circulation during the past twelve years.

The chair then appointed a committee which selected a large and enthusiastic delegation to the Fort Worth Coal Oil congree, and the meeting adjourned.

Boiling down the resolutions and briefly summing up the creed of the unterrified sixteen it is this: Hate Davidson first, love, honor and obey Coal Oil Joe and Windy Dick second, and then throw in a reference to Bryan just for policy sake.

It was strictly a sixteen to one meeting, however. Sixteen Baileyites and one Democrat—the editor of the Coyote, was present.

of frauds; the apex of folly and the parade ground of vanity; the product of brains; the output of peons and the servant of scoundrels; a revealer of infamy and a concealer of sin; the megaphone of demagogues; a saint in pretensions and a hypocrite in performance; a reeking, putrid mess of mankind's filthy conduct, paraded without shame as the triumph of enterprise; the moulder of men's destinies and the policy of nations, yet a meddler rather than an agency; a fusion of facts, fiction, falsehoods, folly and indigestible bombast; the cheapest excursion route for busy people to migrate to uttermost realms of ignorance.

SOME JOE BAILEY LOVE LICKS

These and a Few More Things, to Appear whenever I feel Like it, being my Personal Opinion of Coal Oil Joe and Ballayism in General. All Vile Epithets Copied from Bailey.

AND THE COYOTE IS LIABLE TO HOWL EVERY NOW AND THEN FOR SOME WEEKS.

This thing of Bailey and his crowd abusing all people opposed to Baileyism is the same thing as a bulldozing lawyer abusing and browbeating witnessing in the defense of a guilty criminal.

Coal Oil Joe's friends boast that their idol never went back on a friend. That being true then how dearly he must love H. C. Pierce, the best friend he ever had, from a financial standpoint at least, and how his heart must ache when he thinks about his dear old friend being indicted for perjury in Texas.

If you have a good coal oil, and the wind is in the direction, you can smell it a mile or more, which is a rise to remark that Baileyites should exercise great care in keeping cool. If they get hot they are liable to create a combustion and blow themselves up.

In some respects I am willing to admit that Joe Bailey is the greatest blusterer, blunderer, browbeater, boaster and braggart he has no equal, and he is one of the most ambitious and unscrupulous individuals the politics of any country has ever produced. As Ben Hill once said of James G. Blaine: "His energy never tires, his conscience never blurs and his face never blushes."

Bailey dare not utter a word of Bryan, and his pretended friendship for him is the gamut of most brazen piece of demagoguery and humbuggery yet. Where, oh where, is Bailey's boasted "courage," that "courage" he displayed toward Bryan, the Democratic nominee, in 1896 and during and after his Madison Square speech? Bailey hates Bryan the same now as heretofore, but he dare not display his hatred.

The anti-free pass law is one of the best laws ever enacted and the people are coming to appreciate that fact. It was one of the hardest blows the cheap grafter ever got. If such things as free passes would in the least degree influence county officials, individuals and legislators, as it notoriously did, what effect would the receiving of enormous sums of money from public serving corporations necessarily have on Coal Oil Bailey or any one else? Joe got the dough and doesn't deny it, merely says it was proper. It is for the people to say yes or no to this contention.

A leader is a man who draws the people to him, who influences them by reason, logic and good example. A boss is one who drives the people with a merciless lash, deceives them with pretended friendship, false promises, deceptive doctrines, cowers them with his power and plunders them without mercy. People who submit to political boss rule are unworthy the citizenship of a free government. They are incapable of sustaining it. Baileyism means bossism and nothing else, and if the people

of Texas want a reign of bossism they can certainly stay with Baileyism and get it. Take the conduct of the Democratic executive committee, a majority of which are Baileyites, and you have a verification of this assertion.

At a Bailey meeting in Dallas the other night Judge M. M., or Master Mudslinger Brooks, of the civil court of appeals, made a speech. As a piece of bombast, braggadocio, bully-ragging and blackguardism it was certainly a masterpiece. In the midst of his disgusting ranting Brooks declared that he would take all the "gubernatorial chairs on earth and stamp them into atoms before he would desert a friend." How is that for an awful roar of thunder from a very small cloud? How would the distinguished judge look going around all over the earth smashing gubernatorial chairs, all same Carrie Nations, in defiance of law, order and international relations? But don't be alarmed. The distinguished judge will never so much as touch a gubernatorial chair with the seat of his pants.

For years the people of the South, particularly the people of Texas, have had a just pity and contempt for a people so servile as to permit themselves to be the mere vassals of such corrupt bosses and corporation serving tyrants as Dick Coker, Platt, Depew, Quay, Addicks, Aldrich and scores of others, yet not one of them ever served corrupt interests more extensively than Bailey has done, and not one of them ever profited more as the result of such services, and none of them ever aspired more thirstily or more brazenly to absolute dictatorship. Bailey's great ambition is to build up the most powerful, the most merciless and the most corrupt political machine that has ever dominated a people or ground out the gist of infamy. If he succeeds the people will be entirely to blame, and the people of New York, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and other boss burdened and corruption cursed states can repay with interest the sympathy, pity and just contempt in which Texas has so long held them.

While the Baileyites are snorting and cavorting around about the Populists and Republicans fighting the patriot from Gainesville, has any one heard them thundering at the Palmer and Bucknerites, apostates and renegades of 1896? Not much, and what's more you will not. The Palmer and Buckner bunch particularly sang the praises of the Distinguished Disturbance from Gainesville in those memorable days, and the chief praise Joe's friends now bestow upon him is that he never betrayed a friend or one who praised and flattered him, and even now the Palmer and Buckner crowd and the big end of the George Clark gang are still with Bailey. Of all the political traitors a country ever discovered it was the gold standard bunch of 1896. The Democrats and Republicans have practically stolen every plank in the Populist platform

but the gold standard crowd was so insignificant and unworthy that not a thing they preached has been appropriated by any political organization.

The thirteen colonies never had greater cause to rebel against the tyranny of England and the rule of the besotted, degenerate George than the people of this country now have to rebel against the tyranny and oppression of the trusts. England never ruled with a more cruel policy than the trusts of today are dominating this government. The people in the two causes are identical, the man who would hoist a people in the trusts is the same man who would hoist a people in the trusts. So was Benedict Arnold proved his bravery on battle field, battle field, battle field, and not war were hurled. His intellectual matter beyond dispute. Arnold couldn't fight the British, the American army and betray to cause to the British, no more so as Bailey fight in the ranks of the Democratic party, in the service of the people, and at the same time service and.

On the other hand, the famous feat of the campaign is the use of vindictors, the Fort Worth News, and the Houston Post on the policies of the Dallas-Galveston News, but particularly during 1896. The Newses, always just decent enough to not get run in for street walking, were especially awful during that particular year. They supported the Republican-gold standard crowd and raged and howled about the cruel treatment of the negro by certain Southern states, and went so far as to advocate cutting down Southern representation in congress because of it. In that year the Dallas-Galveston Newses were the filthiest sheets that ever emanated from a press, and now we come to the laughter producing part of this narrative. Clarence Ousley, now editor of the Record, was managing editor of the Galveston News, and of course he wrote or approved all the rot and slish that went into that paper. At the same time George Bailey, now editor of the Houston Post, was the chief correspondent and a leading editorial writer for the Dallas News. George Bailey isn't related to Coal Oil Joe. I don't want to slander George. Now when Ousley and Bailey condemn the News' policy in 1896 they condemn their own conduct and confess their own depravity. Where could one find two men more naturally qualified and better equipped by experience to pump coal oil Democracy into a swill tub sacker. Since the Newses got rid of these two individuals they have proved wonderfully in the matter of principle and common decency. The editor of the Dallas News today is

ONE COYOTE.

Every Time the Signs are Right

BY H. BIGGERS & OTHERS

Office of Publication:—First Dug-out South Side Double Mountain Canyon. Entered at the Rotan Depot as First Class Freight.

brainest men that ever wrote a line for a daily paper in Texas. Of course Ousley and Bailey had to land on some garbage pile when they lost out on the Newses, and now we have one of them on the Record, the other on the Post. You will always find such species of the bovine breed in the employe of grafters. That is their capacity, their proper vocation, and their only mission on earth.

The editor of the Coyote was in a certain store the other day when a drummer friend gave a copy of the Coyote to a drummer friend. Drummer No. 2 or 13 or 7 come 11, or whatever his official number may or should be, glanced over the paper a glance or two, finally read a heading and a few lines of the article that followed, and then he threw about a sixteen-section pasture full of spasms. I think the doctors said the trouble was rearupicus, tearupicus, spicus of the tumorous sub-situated where the brains be, but perhaps in relating I had better not tamper with phrases and scientific circumstance as in public) and so and so gave vent sounds something thunder display the bosom of a storm, chugged his colored cocoanut wheeling a few times, vaindeavored to crack a large fire-saf safe with his fist, did a brief dance and then settled down related furiosness of the Friends, Romans, and others tender-man door he be soak without water the stock, a hurry-up call eaded into the police depart-and three doctors' offices, and teen good hustlers hurried round town to see if they could find some silvery Kentucky moonbeams. The doctors and officers arrived promptly, but if the moonbeam earchers met with any success the unfortunate young man never got ne benefit of it.

Pending the arrival of the doctors and the police there were grave ooks and grave silence around the weepout department of that store, he silence only being disturbed by ne constant, but incoherent, ravings f the young man. Soon after the rriaval of the doctors the unfortun-ate was conducted via the medical ience route back to consciousness nd enabled to give an oral diagnosis f his ailment. It wasn't so serious s had been at first thought. The ietm had seen something in "the oyote that looked like a criticism f his nearest and dearest friend, he idol of the civilized world, the greatest orator and the brainest and randest man on earth," Joe Bailey. Which is why I arise to remark hat some people ought to be careful ow they wander too far away from mother's tender supervision.

When Gov. Hogg and Capt. Don- en at the famous Waco conven- charged Bailey with being re- ble for the readmission of the a-Pierce Oil company into s, after it had been proven y and heavily fined for viola-

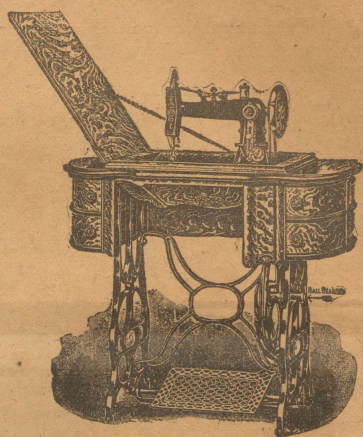
tion of the anti-trust law, said Bailey, with one of his great stage plays, placed his hand over his heart and called upon his God to witness the assertion that he had never received one cent from Pierce or any representative of the outlawed trust. When the recent charges were brought, and just after Davidson had brought suit against the Waters-Pierce company, and the intimation was that Bailey would be called as a witness, Bailey denounced the charge that he had received any fees or moneys from Pierce as a lie, and announced that he was coming to Texas and run the traducing hyenas into the gulf, all of which would indicate that said Bailey was on the war path and meant to start a rough house. When the vouchers were published he back tracked and said it was a loan. The facts show that Bailey has borrowed several thousand dollars from Pierce and has received several thousand more from Pierce and others of his character in the nature of fees and loans. What about that heart and hand play in Waco, and who has unquestionably lied with reference to other matters which Bailey denied and denounced, but which have since been established as facts, and which Bailey now has the unmitigated gall to attempt to explain and justify? Bailey's terrible threat to run his enemies into the gulf has proven a boomerang, so has his war talk in the legislative hall in which he declared that no man who had opposed him should ever hold office and that no man who had made war on him should ever participate in a Democratic primary. His threat to establish a hall of hate in his home and hang therein the pictures of men who had opposed him and teach his children to hate them was the ravings of a demagogue, a mad, desperate, exposed, foolish politician. All this talk about certain hostile influences starting the war on Bailey is tommy rot and buncombe. Bailey started the war on himself when he clipped his hair, donned regulation clothes, denounced Bryan and began his affiliation with H. Clay Pierce, and the thousands of good men and life-long Democrats who are opposing Bailey, who never aspired to office and have no axes to grind are hyenas, liars and scoundrels is a putrid, cowardly, dastardly piece of infamy. Had Joe Bailey conducted himself as Bryan and dozens of other clean men have done he could have been the greatest man in the South today, there would be no charges of corruption against him and no turmoil and ill feelings among friends and neighbors on his account. Back of anything Bailey's enemies have done or are attempting to do is Bailey's conduct and guilt. Bailey's own record is the thing that is hurt him most today, and no amount of vilification of the other fellow will vindicate him. The people will attend to the other fellow when the time comes, but just now it is a matter of attending to Bailey and Baileyism. Bailey nor his friends can defend nor explain his record and conduct, and their assaults on the other fellow only expose their weakness and add bitterness to the contest. If Bailey and his crowd will establish the senator's innocence of the charges lodged against him that will settle the fight. The people will attend to the villains who have sought to blacken his name, but, alas, Poor Yorick.

When Bailey and Bryan were in congress they were equally prominent. Bailey wore long hair, shabby clothes, refused to accept a ninety dollar voucher for services not rendered, made other grand stand plays and posed as the Daniel Webster of the age. When Bryan made his Drummer Boy speech Bailey became jealous. When Bryan later made his famous Cross of Gold speech and

captured the Democratic nomination Bailey became envious, spiteful, vindictive, treacherous and did the contemptible thing to repudiate the presidential nominee, because Bryan was not his kind of Democrat, and made the disgusting, silly play of declining to run for congress, though he was then the nominee, and had to be "coaxed and persuaded" by his friends to reconsider. His conduct was heralded all over the country and he was praised by the Republican and gold standard crowd. If ever the Democrats needed help it was then, and if ever a man betrayed a political party Bailey did it then. Follow his course and conduct toward Bryan through the campaign of 1896, 1900, 1904. at and after the famous Madison Garden speech and down to just a few weeks ago, and tell me that Bailey is a friend to Bryan and I'll tell you that you are a liar if I have to go to the next town to do it. Tell me that he isn't a coward and a hypocrite now that he pretends to be Bryan's friend. And I defy any Bailey-Bryan-Windy Wynne club to endorse Bailey's course toward Bryan from 1896 to the present. What a contrast between Bailey and Bryan. Once equally prominent and equally popular, Bryan has since twice been the Democratic nominee, Bailey one of his bitter opponents and greatest traders. And for a third time Bryan has been to be the Democratic nominee. Through twelve years he has fought, preached and taught no man ever did before, and today he is the personal, if not the political, idol of the American people, and the greatest private citizen in the world. Bailey now reeks with the stench of corruption and through fear dares not criticise the man he hates and has fought for years. Bryan is still true to his principles, devoted to self, faithful to the confidence of the people and fighting the fight of mankind, while Bailey is making the most selfish life and death struggle to create an infamous political machine and boss a state. Bryan is magnanimous, good, clean, true, big brained, broad minded and only great. Bailey is envious, spiteful, tyrannical, crafty, capulous, corrupt and false. He betrays the confidence of the people, ambition and selfish. In short, Bailey has practically everything that Bryan isn't. Bryan is the highest type of the truly great man, and such men are naturally great leaders and live in history. Bailey is an ideal specimen of the crafty, shallow, veneered politician, such as may blaze with great brilliancy for a time, but sooner or later fade to never shine again.

Never in the history of Texas has there been a contest of such serious import to the people of the state and so vitally important in its relation to national politics as is the present issue of Baileyism. It is a great serious question, one in which the people should not permit themselves to be influenced or swayed by the bickerings, quarrels and abuse of warring politicians. It is an issue calling for calm consideration and positive action. It is well to take into consideration the character and motives of the men leading the fight against Bailey and Baileyism as well as those favorable to him, not in extenuation, exoneration or condemnation of what Bailey has or has not done, but as a means of arriving at a true measure of the individual worth of such men and dealing with them as present or future occasion may require. But Baileyism is the one great vital thing to be considered just now. All that Bailey and his supporters say about some man may be true. Many of Bailey's opponents may be scoundrels, but that doesn't vindicate

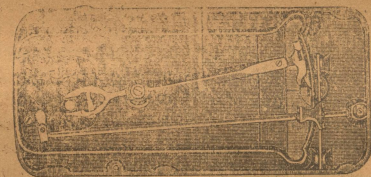
Lightest Running Machine Made



"GOODRICH A" STYLE 29.

Quarter Sawed Dark Oak, and Hand Polished Finish

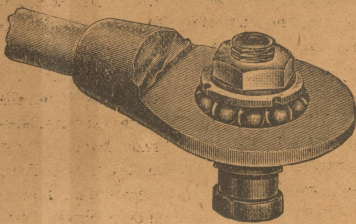
STYLE 29—This style has four drawers, swell front, drop head cabinet. Serpentine front table with half yard tape measure inserted. PATENT AUTOMATIC LOCKING ARRANGEMENT UNLOCKS ALL DRAWERS WHEN HEAD IS RAISED INTO PLACE, AND AUTOMATICALLY LOCKS THEM WHEN HEAD IS DROPPED DOWN. Each "GOODRICH A" Machine is carefully adjusted, ready for use, and furnished with illustrated instruction book (in five languages), ten year warranty, and full set of accessories and attachments. Also a magnificent set of STEEL ATTACHMENTS. Full size, high arm—Self-threading cylinder shuttle—Self-setting needle—automatic bobbin winder. These sewing machines make the lock stitch and are surpassed by none in simplicity and durability of construction, easy and light running qualities, and are adapted to every grade of work, from the lightest muslin to the heaviest cloth.



The above illustration is the bottom view, and is an exact fac-simile of its simple mechanical construction.

DESCRIPTION OF BALL-BEARING

(This Cut Shows One End of Same)



Rod is made from cold-rolled steel with malleable shoulders, shrunk on each end, all being nickel-plated. Each end of pitman is FULL BALL BEARING. The CUP, CONES and STEEL BALLS are made of the very BEST TOOL STEEL, the cones being adjustable, so same can be adjusted to a nicety, reducing the friction of the stand to a minimum. The Goodrich "A" Sewing Machines have the latest improved ball bearing stand, with ball-bearing steel pitman —this is the best and easiest running stand made.

MACHINES IN STOCK	Cash Prices
GOODRICH STYLE "29" Auto Left	\$30.00
GOODRICH "28"	22.50
NEW MODEL DROP HEAD	16.50
DE MOLEY	11.75

F. P. RUTHERFORD
ROTAN, TEXAS

Baileys and should not for a moment obscure the matter at issue. Dispose of Bailey and Baileyism and then dispose of such other characters as may require attention. The history or character of some man opposed to Bailey and Baileyism doesn't entitle Bailey to one scintilla of merciful consideration. Bailey, his conduct and the issue he represents is the matter now in hand. A careful and impartial consideration of the facts in the case has convinced the writer that Bailey has done wrong—seriously, grievously and unpardonably wrong. He alone is responsible for his conduct, and the sins of others can not operate as an excuse or vindication of him, and the people can not, in justice to themselves endorse his course. To do so would not be dealing honestly and conscientiously with themselves, as the writer sees the matter with all the facts before him. The story of Bailey's relations with the Waters-Pierce and other kindred corporations and trusts covers several years and is a series of scandals, revelations, denials, evasions, admissions and self contradictions, but the positive and sufficient fact remains that Mr. Bailey's transactions and benefactions with and through law defying agencies have been very extensive, improper and amounted to many thousands of dollars. Not satisfied with the whitewashing by two legislatures Mr. Bailey denounces those who oppose him, hurls threats of political destruction at them while occupying the privilege of the legislative hall, declares to establish in his home a hall of hate and that no man who has opposed him shall ever hold office or participate in Democratic primaries. Did man ever display less judgment, common decency, greater hate or more spirit of the boss and tyrant? What was this but the insult, the open threat of a mad, dangerous man. Now he asks the people to vindicate him, to forget his insolent conduct, by sending him as a delegate to the national Democratic convention. Can they afford to do this? Can anything be plainer than the intentions and desperate desire of Bailey to create a powerful, dominating, state controlling machine, with himself as chief dictator? Could anything contribute more to the accomplishment of his purpose than the election of Bailey as a delegate to the national convention? He is the only state official or member of the state legislature, state senate, congress or United States senate from Texas that will aspire to the honor. The people of Texas are practically unanimous in favor of the nomination of W. J. Bryan for president and the platform on which he runs is certain to declare in unmistakable terms in opposition to trusts. Mr. Bailey has always been and certainly is at present a bitter opponent of Mr. Bryan. Now can they afford to send as delegate to that convention a man who has opposed the nominee to be and who has served the corporations the Democratic platform is certain to denounce? Mr. Bryan himself has given out a timely warning about sending to the convention corporation serving agents. These are matters for the people to consider, not who is or who is not fighting Bailey and Baileyism.

YOU OUGHT TO TREAT A HORSE

Right. This isn't merely sentiment. It's business. To get the best and longest service out of a work animal feed and shelter are not the only essentials. He is entitled to and demands decent togger. He works for you every day and has a natural right to something fit to wear, the same as yourself. The mule, being a horse's half brother, is entitled to the same fair consideration. Withers Bros., Rotan's exclusive purveyors to horses and mules, and makers and menders of saddles and harness, will tell you the rest of this romance.

The Story of a Dead Dog

Revealing Whyfore Soapweed City Isn't on the Map at Present.

A time there was when Soapweed City bid fair to become the "queen city of the West," "the center of learning and the metropolis of commerce." It was located in the "geographical center of an incomparable agricultural country, and possessed every advantage necessary to make it a flourishing city," all of which can be substantiated by reference to the files of the Soapweed City Signal, now deceased.

And it so came to pass that great things were in prospect of immediate consummation in and around Soapweed City.

Prospectors dropped in occasionally. There was talk of another bank, a possibility of two more stores, a probability of several other things, and a certainty of half a dozen railroads and a wonderful advance in the price of real estate, and in order that a town of such progress, prominence and importance might be placed in the rank and exalted to the position its prestige merited it was decided to incorporate.

And there was great unanimity of sentiment in favor of the project and verily things were moving along serenely in Soapweed City when something awful happened.

It was not an awful fire that aroused the peacefully sleeping population at the dead hour of night, and despite heroic efforts swept away the fairest portion of the lovely city, reduced fortunes to sad recollections and great stocks of general merchandise to smoldering embers; it was not a drought, a cyclone, an epidemic nor a financial panic.

It was worse than all these things combined.

Somebody killed Bill Bumpers' dog.

This dog was a degenerate of the celebrated cur family. He had a blax-waxy color, a stump tail, a low, mean look, a bad temper, a voracious appetite and no earthly value for any purpose. Had he died a natural death the event would never have occasioned comment, but worthless curs have other missions on earth, and William Bumpers' dog was no exception to the rule.

Early one morning Mr. Bumpers strolled into his front yard and found his dog in paroxysms of pain and rapidly nearing the close of a long and useless career, and just as the sun peeped over the distant hill tops, and the bright golden light swept over the green carpeted prairies and the flower-bedecked hillsides, Tige descended into the deep, dark valley of death. But the death of Tige was the beginning of his fame.

An autopsy revealed the fact that death was superinduced by the inability of the dog to digest a large chunk of beef, evidently premeditatedly administered, and circumstantial evidence pointed strongly to one Mr. Twoprice, a highly respected dealer in cold drinks, ice, coal and mesquite roots. Some hours before Tige departed this life Mr. Twoprice was passing the residence of Mr. Bumpers, and in a playful mood Tige slipped out of the darkness, leaped the fence, tore off about two-thirds of Mr. T's pants, a part of one hand, several chunks of cuticle and gashed the calf of both legs. After the encounter Mr. T. repaired to a drug store and while his damages were being repaired, frequently and vehemently declared that he had a great mind to kill the infernal, worthless brute. After the death of Tige this information was immediately conveyed to Mr. Bumpers, who promptly called on Mr. Twoprice and demanded an immediate explanation, apology and full reparation.

There were only a few brief introductory remarks by both parties and the performance began. There has ever since been conflicting opinions and statements by eye-witnesses as to whether T. hit B. with a sledge hammer, a crowbar or his bare knuckles, but be that as it may, both men had many friends, and the friends of both proceeded to take large chunks of stock in the dead dog proposition. The question of incorporation assumed a melancholy phase and the vote revealed the fact that Tige's adherents had triumphed and there would be no incorporation. But that didn't settle the dog question. It only gave it new life and importance, and increased the revenues in the justice court.

One day some evil-minded person threw the carcass of the dog's ghost into the midst of the biggest church congregation in town, and the immediate result was several church trials and a general theological bust-up.

And the ghost of the dead dog went marching on. He strolled serenely into every church and Sunday school in town and threatened to become the principal theme of salvation or damnation, but luckily for the spiritual welfare of mankind the dog question was transferred from the churches and Sunday schools to the public school board, and there he raged and howled as dog never raged and howled before. The school board until the dog was broken up and then he solemnly conducted in city politics, and bred a storm that is storming yet.

That dog has only been dead two years, but briefly summed up, his history since death would be about as follows:

He has caused forty-two fist fights; defeated incorporation, caused three church rows, broke up the school, been the cause of two killings and one case of arsenic, produced litigation to the amount of \$65,000, not counting the cost and lawyers' fees in excess of the value of the property involved, busted a boom, vanished prosperity, congested enterprise, depreciated value, put a quietus on half a dozen big railroad projects, practically drove Soapweed City off the map, and two bitter political factions, and every jury and testified in every court that has been tried in Cactus county since his death, and converted more than half a thousand close friendships into bitter enmity.

And sometimes I think that dog didn't confine his dying performance to Soapweed City, but has been wandering about and dying promiscuously in other towns and communities all over the country. At any rate the moral to this story is: "Beware of dead dogs in live issues."

ONLY 899,998,888 ACRES
OF OUR
900,000,000⁺ TRACT LEFT

The rest of it migrated during the recent standstorms along the Rio Grande Border, where this land was situated the last time we heard from it. We therefore advise you

If You Really Want a Home

You had better get a hustle on yourself, as the weather bureau predicts high winds and shifting real estate for the Trans-Pecos country almost any old time.

In the Next Irregular Issue

Of the Coyote further particulars will be given about this great Amalgamated, Big Offer and Bunco Game.

FOYS Say they have the most complete line in the city of Drugs, Toilet Articles, Sporting Goods, Instrument Strings, Stationery, Pencils, Tablets, Etc., Cigars, Tobaccos and Everything for the Smoker. If you use eye glasses of any kind we want to talk with you.

If you are going to use any Paint or Wall Paper, see us. We can save you money.

Our Prescription Department in charge of Da. Swan, who is a graduate in both Medicine and Pharmacy.

Mr. Fred Spruill has charge of our Fountain and would be glad for you to drop in and see him.

Drs. Reaves and Callan offic with us.

Come in and see us.

Respectfully yours,

FOY DRUG COMPANY.

NEW STORE IN ROTAN

We Wish to Announce that We are Now Ready for Business with Our Line of Gent's Furnishing Goods.

Ours is strictly a Gents' Furnishing Goods Store and we are especially prepared to serve this line of custom. Our stock is new and up-to-date in both style and quality, and the prices are something heretofore unheard of in this section of country. If you are new to the way of ties, hats, collars, gaiters, vests, supporters, suspenders, extra pants, or underwear

VISIT OUR STORE, EXAMINE OUR STOCK AND GET OUR PRICES.

We handle tailored stuff, representing the celebrated Storrs-Scheafer Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, also, have a new line of ready made suits and the extra trousers.

We have as yet received but a portion of the stock we propose to handle, but we are anxious to serve the trade for the present. Cole, of the main store in Cactus, has that a large and complete consignment reach us in a few days.

Come around and get acquainted with our manager, prices and goods.

THE DOUGLASS STORE

PAUL MILLER,
MANAGER.

Garfield Avenue, Third Door North of Cowboy Bank

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

ROTAN, TEXAS.

CAPITAL, - - - \$50,000.0.
Surplus and Profits \$6,000.0.

We invite you to visit our newly erected banking house, with its up to date banking room, furniture and fixtures, arranged for convenience of customers and employees. In our spacious vault with the big New York Manganese safe, we are prepared to safely keep from fire and theft your valuables, including all documents and papers. Our bank is conducted on a sound and conservative basis, strengthened by a list of stockholders who have acquired their means by diligent efforts in legitimate business occupations.

Having our funds amply protected by insurance we invite your business.

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT

We have rented the G. L. Barber store and have just opened up a new up-to-date stock of Dry Goods, Mens' and Boys' Clothing, Gents Furnishing Goods, Notions, Millinery, Mens and Boys Hats and Shoes. We are not entirely a new firm to you, as we were in Rotan last fall, and will now stay permanently. We solicit a part of your patronage and will sell you

GOOD, HONEST, DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE
AT THE VERY LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Our Millinery Department,

WILL BE UP-TO-DATE IN THE LATEST STYLES AND FASHIONS

Miss Edna Westerfeld will have charge of this department and invites all of her friends to come in and see her, and will take pleasure in showing them the latest novelties of the season.

We quote you a few prices to show you we are right in this way:

20 yards of calico for	1.00	Mexican Straw Hats at, each	15c
20 yards figured lawn for	1.00	16 Yards Bleached Domestic for	1.00
Dress Gingham at	12 1-2	Mens Pin Check Pants at, per pair	65c

Come and Look Through our Stock of Embroideries and Laces. Corset Cover Embroidery at 25c per yard.

OUR POLICY WILL BE TO GIVE YOU FULL VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY.
MAKE EVERYTHING GOOD, AND SELL IT AT THE LOWEST PRICE.
THAT GOOD MERCHANDISE CAN BE HAD FOR.

COME IN AND LET
US SHOW YOU

YOURS FOR BUSINESS,

W. HOAD & COMPANY

ROTAN AND WALNUT SPRINGS, TEXAS

When Mr. Aldredge Spoke

Which Isn't the Case
Somebody Scares

confer-
Fort
se of
nce being
campaign for
better laws," "saner leg-
etc.

George N. Aldredge of Dallas was
ed chairman and made a speech,
that speech is the thing that in-
terested me. This speech was a pearl
of brevity, and it was brimful of
flamantine truths, honest sentiment,
philosophy, good humor and Utopian
jargon.

It was the kind of speech I like
to read. You feel like you have been
patted on the head with a brickbat
of facts. You can differ with the
author without getting on the war-
path with him, because you feel that
he is honest and earnest. Back of
that speech you feel that there was a
man of convictions and courage to
press himself. He landed good and
hard on the demagogue, rasped the
rimer a few and included the city
briber. He said the farmers were
the most honest and the most prej-
udiced people on earth, and here is
here I and Aldredge differ slightly.

I submit that farmers are no more
honest and no more prejudiced than
any other class of people. They are
just as much so in both respects.
They are no more ignorant, no more
fish and no more easily swayed by
slogans and preachings that appeal
to their particular interest than are
merchants, bankers, lawyers, doc-
tors, etc.

all on the men of these pursuits
things in any town, ascertain
pective views on any burning
the day, the Bailey question,
ance. Get them all together
political lovefest and see how
you will unavoidably pull off

a magnificent riot. See how quickly
hate, prejudice, ignorance, imbecility
and demagoguery will spout forth
with volcanic fury.

The business men, lawyers, doc-
tors, bankers, etc., have their favor-
ite sons-of-guns and bile-born theo-
ries and partisanship the same as any
other class.

Ignorance, superstition, selfish-
ness, intolerance, fanaticism, ego-
tism, hypocrisy, moral cowardice
and partisan politics are a few of the
many ailments retarding the devel-
opment of intellect and operating to
man's moral, social and industrial
detriment.

And I don't know what two lone,
lorn reformers like George N. Ald-
redge and myself are going to do
about it. I am worried to know
what remedy to attempt in the treat-
ment of such a case of chronic, ag-
gravated complications. I suggest
that we hog-tie the patient and hold
a consultation to determine who
shall operate.

We certainly need fewer laws and
better laws, but, dear George, you
just come over here and sit with me
on the top strand of this barbed wire
fence and watch this saner legisla-
tion movement hit a stump and
break a trace, stir up hornets' nests
and hurriedly dissolve in different
directions.

You and I are too hopelessly in
the minority to do anything but
howl, and we will have to get away
off by ourselves, far from the deaf-
ening turmoil of the battling ranks of
patriotism to be heard. First it must
be determined who is the greatest
living windjammer, then we must
ascertain which way the wind blows
on the prohibition question, and by
that time the legislature will con-
vene, which is why I get up in the
deep, dark, stillly hour of night and
go out high unto the swine reserve
and exclaim, "Oh, what's the use!"

I am willing to patronize any well
regulated and properly conducted re-

form movement, but I will not be-
come a stockholder. I can't afford
to become morally or financially re-
sponsible. Promoting reform move-
ments has been the most expensive of
all my hobbies.

All that can really be done in the
matter of reform is to preach the
truth to the old folks and give the
children better teaching and train-
ing. If we reform the condi-
tions that make laws necessary can
we reduce the quantity of nonsense
in the statutes. All improvement
and all progress is the result of ex-
periment, and this applies to the
making of laws with the same force
that it does to the making of war-
ships. The principal trouble with
law making is that most of it is done
by demagogues, ignoramuses and
hypocrites, whereas the warships are
made by the steel trust and the
whitewash applied by an investigat-
ing committee.

Nearly all reforms in the social
and political spheres are the result
of honest, non-partisan work, self
sacrifice, individual courage and tire-
less effort. Your real reformer is
generally treated with scorn and con-
tempt while living, and probably
hopelessly forgotten after death. At
best, his reward is generally a cold,
bleak, chisel scarred monument
erected long after his labors have
ended and his heart has ceased to
ache. But the sin free conscience of
the real reformer is a sweeter con-
solation through a tempestuous strug-
gle than the applause of the heed-
less bestowed upon a leading star in
the farce of life.

We pay our legislators section
hand wages and expect superintend-
ent talent and general manager re-
sults. If we are to have fewer laws
and better laws we must have fewer
legislators, bigger pay and better
talent.

And right here, George, in har-
nessing your pet hobby horse, it oc-
curs to me that you have used the

collar for a crupper. Your proposi-
tion to have the legislature meet
only once every ten years and pro-
hibit a session of more than thirty
days is too absurd to pass as a joke.
Any kind of business requires con-
stant attention, and as important
business as governing a state or a
nation constantly calls for, but sel-
dom receives, the closest attention of
the very best talent. It occurs to me
that it would be better to have thirty
good representatives in session three
months each year at a salary of
\$2,000 each than to have the matter
as it now stands. It occurs to me
that the thing to do is to cut down
the number of representatives, in-
crease their salaries, and perhaps
considerably increase the term of of-
fice.

There wouldn't be so much scram-
bling for preferment, so much hot
air for the dear public. Out of a
small number of men we would at
least get a safe majority of men com-
petent and willing to render good
service. As the matter now stands
the percentage of human capacity
doesn't permit of the selection of a
majority of the legislature thus en-
dowed.

The business of governing a state
must be looked after constantly, but
not by the class that has so far been
doing it.

In every legislature there are any
number of good, capable men, but
look what they are up against.

The commissioners' court demon-
strates that the nearer you come to
the people with administrative
agencies the further you get from
politics and the better affairs are
administered. The commission form
of government in the cities has dem-
onstrated that the farther you re-
move affairs from politics the more
graft is eliminated and the more
honest and efficient the administra-
tion.

But it doesn't matter what cre-
ative or administrative branch of

government be concerned the result
depends upon the character and ca-
pacity of the men elected or appoint-
ed to positions of power, and this in
turn generally depends upon the
character of the people or agency
conferring the position.

No man can be a partisan politic-
ian and yet be impartially true to
the people's interest, and yet par-
tisan politics is the chief adornment
of our veneered civilization.

We point with pride and view with
alarm, criticise without knowledge
and condemn without cause, for

"Faith, fanatic faith, once wedded
fast

To some dear falsehood hugs it to
the last."

We get on the warpath a la Co-
manche Indian if any one dare punc-
ture our creed, throw vitriolic truths
on the dear old sin scarred, hypoc-
risy cloaked carcass of our grand and
glorious old party and its deceased
traditions, no matter what party it
may be, and we come to hate friend
or philosopher who does not idolize,
or perhaps dares criticise our favor-
ite son-of-a-gun in politics. To ac-
complish ends, parties, organiza-
tions and individuals stoop to the
meanest levels and the most repre-
hensible methods, and this "fewer
laws and better laws," "saner legis-
lation" movement is not above grave
suspicion. I must see the creed and
know the apostles before I declare
the faith.

But in the meantime I have con-
cealed George N. Aldredge's speech
in a scrap book. It is a remarkable,
if not a really great speech, and it
is especially valuable as a curiosity,
because it is earnest, honest and
humorous. Aldredge may be wrong
in some of his ideas, but he doesn't
lie to his audience. It is the kind
of speech that cowards are afraid to
utter. It is the kind of speech that
causes sensible men to think, hypo-
crites to wince and demagogues to
tremble.